

Exhibit T2..... DHS Evidence on Bond Pt 2

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
EXECUTIVE OFFICE FOR IMMIGRATION REVIEW  
IMMIGRATION COURT  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK**

\_\_\_\_\_  
In the Matter of: )  
)  
)

**SOROKIN, ANNA** )  
)

In Bond Proceedings )  
\_\_\_\_\_)

File No.: 

**U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY'S  
PROFFER OF EVIDENCE**

Attached please find the following documents in connection with the proceedings involving the above-referenced individual:

H. Articles Relating to Respondent's Release and Remorse Post Incarceration

Respectfully Submitted,

10/1/2021

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date



\_\_\_\_\_  
Assistant Chief Counsel/Senior Attorney  
OPLA NYC

**Certificate of Service**

I, **Sarah Jolly**, hereby certify that on October 1, 2021, I caused a copy of the foregoing to be served upon respondent's counsel, Audrey Thomas, Esq. via ICE eService, pursuant to the Terms and Conditions agreed to between the parties. Additionally, a courtesy copy was provided via email.

10/1/2021

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date



\_\_\_\_\_  
Assistant Chief Counsel/Senior Attorney  
OPLA NYC

1. Anna Delvey: From Fake German Heiress to Subject Shonda Rhimes' Netflix Series, ET, April 22, 2021, <https://www.etonline.com/anna-delvey-from-fake-german-heiress-to-subject-of-shonda-rhimes-netflix-series> 164058#:~:text=Created%20by%20Shonda%20Rhimes%20and,as%20producer%20on%20the%20series., last accessed on May 12, 2021 .....Page 1

***“The thing is, I’m not sorry,”*** Sorokin said in an interview from prison with the New York Times at the time of her conviction, adding, “I’d be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything. I regret the way I went about certain things.”

Sorokin drew images to be featured in the HBO Max series “Generation Hustle” to tell her story.

2. EXCLUSIVE: 'Fake heiress' Anna Sorokin says her prison sentence was 'a huge waste of time', Insider, Feb 15, 2021, <https://www.insider.com/anna-sorokin-delvey-interview-after-prison-release-2021-2>., last accessed on September 30, 2021.....Page 111

Sorokin spoke to Insider over Zoom on Sunday (February 14 ,2021) night from a hotel room (she's looking for an apartment in New York) and **wearing a \$720 Balenciaga hoodie.**

“...’Put me in jail. I don't care.’ I was upset about it. But it's just ***not so bad as to act as a deterrent for any future crimes***, you know?”

***“It's just pointless. It's a huge waste of time.”***

“Well, the New York Times asked me, ‘Do you regret anything?’ And I think regret is just a useless feeling because I clearly cannot go back in time and change anything.”

On prison: “My point is basically going to be like the pointlessness of the whole thing. They just wasted everyone's time and money.”

3. Exclusive: Tatler Meets ‘Fake Heiress’ Anna Delvey, The Tatler, March 12, 2021, <https://www.tatler.com/article/anna-delvey-sorokin-fake-heiress-exclusive-interview>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 .....Page 7

Now 30, and sitting in the penthouse residents’ club of her building in Hudson Yards, new York’s ***newest ultra-luxury development...***

‘I got famous for a financial crime,’ she says nonchalantly, sipping Cloudy Bay sauvignon blanc as the setting sun illuminates the Statue of Liberty in the distance behind her. ‘I was charged with six grand larcenies, and got convicted of four.’

Such chutzpah is characteristic of Delvey, who has parlayed her notoriety into a slate of new projects, including a scripted Netflix series produced by Shonda Rhimes (she will be played by Julia Garner); Polaroid selfies and other work she hopes to sell via NFTs, the hot new thing in the artworld; and a potential reality TV show (for which we are being filmed by a videographer as we speak.)

There is also the ‘Correction Collection,’ a streetwear range she plans to sell through her website, Delveymail.com. Today, she is wearing a black hoodie from the line paired with bright white, **\$500+ Alexander McQueen sneakers, and a \$450 pair of Celine cat-eye sunglasses**, which are her trademark.

‘Which is ridiculous to me, because I’m not a threat to society anymore,’ she says, before that ***mischievous grin creeps back across her face. ‘The banks are closed anyways. I don’t see what they’re scared of.’***

4. Anna Delvey is Making Up for Lost Time, Paper Mag, February 17 2021, <https://www.papermag.com/anna-delvey-social-media-blitz-2650553663.html>, last accessed September 30, 2021. Page 11

Having served almost four years for her various gifts and cons, the former faux heiress has hit the ground running by going on a social media blitz, launching her own website and announcing her vlogging channel, Anna Delvey TV.

When asked if she had any lingering regrets, Delvey said, "I have to deal with the consequences of my actions, yeah. But to just sit around and just think about everything I've done — it's not going to have changed it. I don't know. It would be a huge waste of my time."

5. Fake Heiress Anna Sorokin Treated Like a Celebrity in Prison After Early Release from 12 Year Term, New York Post, February 16, 2021, <https://www.news.com.au/finance/money/wealth/fake-heiress-anna-sorokin-treated-like-a-celebrity-in-prison-after-early-release-from-12-year-term/news-story/e6ff938cab2998a80ab25a5a772ba171#>, last accessed May 12, 2021 .....Page 13

***She called her gig a “fraud” that amounted to about 15 minutes of real work.***

Sorokin, who has reverted back to using her alias Anna Delvey, was famously unrepentant for her crimes, once telling a reporter after her conviction, ***“I’d be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything.”***

Her contrition didn’t last. ***“I think regret is just a useless feeling,” she told Insider. “It would be a huge waste of my time.”***

The fake heiress sold her story to Netflix for over \$400,000.

On Sunday, Sorokin ***was spotted leaving the 5-star NoMad*** hotel, before heading to a Manhattan Sephora – all while trailed by a cameraman.

6. Anna Delvey Diaries: Rikers Island 101 for Donald Trump, January 2021, <https://web.archive.org/web/20210202192752/https://www.annadelveydiaries.com/diary/rikers-island-101-for-donald-trump>, last accessed May 12, 2021 ..... Page 16

Another Pro Tip: pulling a medical emergency requiring an outside hospital trip is a tricky maneuver that can potentially backfire, ideally to be reserved for special occasions only, such as to delay one's sentencing hearing or to "accidentally" ruin prosecution's plans to produce a witness. You want attention, but not that kind.

Whatever you do, don't buy into any of that "good behavior" bullshit – it's a fairy tale they tell all new intakes to make their job easier.

**"I was very bad**, but on the down low."

"If your friend lil Wayne can record songs and **I can open eight bank accounts in Switzerland over that Rikers phone...**"

If anyone straight up suggests you go and do something, just pretend like you have no idea what they're talking about, and most of the time, they'd rather not deal with you at all. Little bit of patience and consistency on your part, and very soon they will stop asking altogether. I for example got banned from having any type of job in the entire facility on the fourth day.

7. Anna Delvey Diaries: Dear Harvey Weinstein, November 2020, <https://web.archive.org/web/20210212151551/https://www.annadelveydiaries.com/diary/dear-harvey-weinstein>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 29

Generally speaking, obtaining contraband from COs is a challenge, a power play. A twisted mind game of sorts, if you wish. Something tells me you're good at it, too. Knowing that someone is willing to assume various degrees of risk for absolutely nothing in return, just on the strength of you being you is a nice feeling. Is that wrong?

...Aside from the fact that I was an active participant..."

8. Anna Sorokin, Faux Heiress and Subject of Netflix Series and HBO Series, Wins Parole, Deadline, October 10, 2020, <https://deadline.com/2020/10/anna-sorokin-shonda-rimes-parole-date-lena-dunham-netflix-hbo-1202602499/>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 37

"I'd be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything," Sorokin told The New York Times. "I regret the way I went about certain things."

"My motive was never money," she said, adding, "I was power hungry. **I'm not a good person.**"

9. Anna 'Delvey' Sorokin Was My Friend. Here's How I Helped Bring the Fake Heiress to Justice, Time Magazine, July 18, 2019, <https://time.com/5628197/anna-delvey-rachel-williams-justice/>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 40

New York Assistant District Attorney Catherine McCaw and New York Police Department Officer Michael McCaffrey called me the day Anna was **due to appear in court on misdemeanor theft of services charges**. "**She didn't show up**," said ADA McCaw.

Anna said nothing. News of her skipped court date appeared in the New York Post: “Wannabe socialite skips court, now faces arrest,” which meant it was now public knowledge that she was wanted by the police. She must have known that, too.

“Is this the only way she makes her money?” I asked Officer McCaffrey. As far as he knew, ***deceit was her sole source of income.***

10. Nothing About Interview with Fake Heiress Anna Sorokin Was Normal, The New York Times, May 17, 2019, 1-5, <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/05/17/reader-center/17insider-delvey.html>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 46

But Ms. Sorokin doesn’t like rules. She doesn’t like authority. She doesn’t like people telling her what to do.

***She wasn’t sorry***, she told me. She regretted nothing, except, perhaps how she went about it. ***She’d do it all again.***

Ms. Sorokin, who boasts she has been ***written up 30 times since her incarceration*** in October 2017, eyed the guards. (A city corrections official said she had just 13 infractions.)

11. A Fake Heiress Anna Delvey Conned the City’s Wealthy ‘I’m Not Sorry.’ She Says, The New York Times, May 10, 2019, <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/05/10/nyregion/anna-delvey-sorokin.html>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 52

***“The thing is, I’m not sorry,” she said on Friday, a day after she was sentenced to four to 12 years in prison. “I’d be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything.***

Dig deeper into the moment. In an interview about a week before her sentencing, Ms. Sorokin acknowledged that friends knew her as Anna Delvey. But that was just her mother’s maiden name, she said. (Her lawyer, Todd Spodek, later told The Times that he did not believe that was the case, and her parents had told [New York magazine](#) they did not recognize the name.)

Still, while Ms. Sorokin made excuses for her actions, she did not apologize for her character: ***“I’m not a good person.”***

In late 2016, she said, she returned to Germany for a few months where she worked out the details of A.D.F. and ***created four fake bank statements in Photoshop, which she said took surprisingly little time.***

After being released, Ms. Sorokin was again arrested in October 2017 and held at Rikers.

She said she has balked against authority in Rikers and has been ***disciplined 30 times***, including a few weeks in solitary over Christmas. Because of her behavior, Ms. Sorokin said, she has been

held in a maximum security section. A city corrections official confirmed the stint in solitary and said Ms. Sorokin had **13 infractions for things like fighting and disobeying orders.**

Ms. Sorokin has started writing a memoir about her exploits in New York. She plans to write a second book about her experience at Rikers. “I guess I’m fortunate enough to go to real prison, so I’ll have more material,” she said.

She said she had already made some “smaller investments” in technology and cryptocurrency with personal money routed through an L.L.C.

As guards signaled the end of the visit before her sentencing, ***Ms. Sorokin was asked, if given the chance, she would do the same things again. Ms. Sorokin shrugged, “Yes, probably so,” she said, laughing.***

12. Judge Rips Fake Heiress, Says She Is Too Focused on Movie Deal, New York Post, June 19, 2018, <https://nypost.com/2018/06/19/judge-rips-fake-heiress-says-shes-too-focused-on-movie-deal/>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 60

***“I see no remorse,” Justice Diane Kiesel*** told Anna Sorokin, 27, who sauntered into court wearing black-rimmed glasses, a makeshift white headband and a prison-issue sweatsuit.

“She seems more concerned about who is going to play her in the movie than what she’s done to the people she allegedly took advantage of,” said Kiesel in Manhattan Supreme Court.

13. How Aspiring "It" Girl Tricked New York’s Party People- and Its Banks, The Cut, May 28, 2018, <https://www.thecut.com/2018/05/how-anna-delvey-tricked-new-york.html>, last accessed on May 12, 2021 ..... Page 62

Over the course of our conversations, Anna never admitted any guilt...

“There are couple of girls who are here for financial crimes as well,” she told me. “This one girl, ***she’s been stealing other people’s identities. I didn’t realize it was so easy.***”

***“Resilience is hard to come by, but not capital.”***

She deposited \$160,000 worth of bad checks into the same account, managing to withdraw \$70,000 before they were returned

Ms. Delvey convinced the company Blade to charter her a \$35,000 jet to Omaha by sending them a forged conformation for a wire transfer from Deutsche Bank.

14. “As An Added Bonus, She Paid for Everything”: My Bright-Lights Misadventure with a Magician of Manhattan, Vanity Fair, April 13, 2018, <https://www.vanityfair.com/news/2018/04/my-misadventure-with-the-magician-of-manchattan>, last accessed on May 12, 2021..... Page 92

...since Anna always maintained she was afraid of being deported.

The reality of Anna's behind-the-scenes dealings, these figures flying from one account to another, remains dizzying to this day – that she was allegedly orchestrating such elaborate schemes while maintaining a believable, surface cool, wielding her debit cards to pay for dinners, workouts, beauty products, and spa treatments.



## Anna Delvey: Fake German Heiress and Subject of a Netflix Series

By Stacy Lambe 6:14 AM PDT, April 22, 2021



Getty Images

Under the false identity of [Anna Delvey](#), a German heiress hoping to launch a SoHo House-type lavish art club in various hot spots around the country, [Anna Sorokin](#) conned her newfound friends and New York elites out of thousands of dollars while always promising to pay them back. One such friend was former *Vanity Fair* employee Rachel Williams, who was stuck with a [\\$60,000 bill](#) for a lavish trip to Marrakesh, Morocco. When Sorokin went on the lam, Williams and others started going after her and eventually got the police involved.

In 2019, Sorokin, whose story is being told in an upcoming Shonda Rhimes Netflix series and is captured in a new HBO Max docuseries, was [found guilty](#) of second-degree grand larceny, for having stolen more than \$200,000, theft of services and one count of first-degree attempted grand larceny. However, she was not convicted in other charges related to falsifying documents in an attempt to land a \$22 million bank loan or stealing Williams' money during their trip to Marrakesh.

"The thing is, I'm not sorry," Sorokin said in an [interview from prison](#) with the *New York Times* at the time of her conviction, adding, "I'd be

anything. I regret the way I went about certain things.” Described as wearing “a khaki jail jumpsuit and Céline glasses,” she told the paper, “My motive was never money... I was power hungry.”

At 28 years old, Sorokin was sentenced to between four and 12 years in prison. She was eventually released on Feb. 11, 2021 and has since been spotted around New York City ever since. Now free, Sorokin is already “working on a little something for you,” she [declared on Instagram](#).



Getty Images

## Anna Delvey Takes Manhattan

Directed by Martha Shane, Sorokin’s story is captured as part of the HBO Max docuseries [Generation Hustle](#), which recounts some of the most wildly inventive scams of the past decade.

In the hour-long standalone episode, “Anna Delvey Takes Manhattan,” Williams shares how she became enraptured with her new friend and was eventually victimized by Sorokin. Additionally, Sorokin’s lawyer, Todd Spodek, restaurateur Richie Notar, stylist Sergio Corvacho, DJ Elle Dee and creative director Marc Kremers recount their unsavory and questionable experiences with the fake German heiress, including one time Dee found Sorokin sleeping in a car.

“The first thing that kind of jumped out at me about her story was that it was really about the power of Instagram and social media in

Sorokin herself is noticeably absent from the documentary. But it's explained that since she sold her life rights to Netflix, she's "contractually prohibited from being interviewed." [According to Insider](#), "Netflix paid Anna Sorokin \$320,000 for the rights to adapt her life story into a TV series." The outlet also revealed that "Sorokin has used \$199,000 of the money to pay restitution to the banks, plus another \$24,000 to settle state fines."

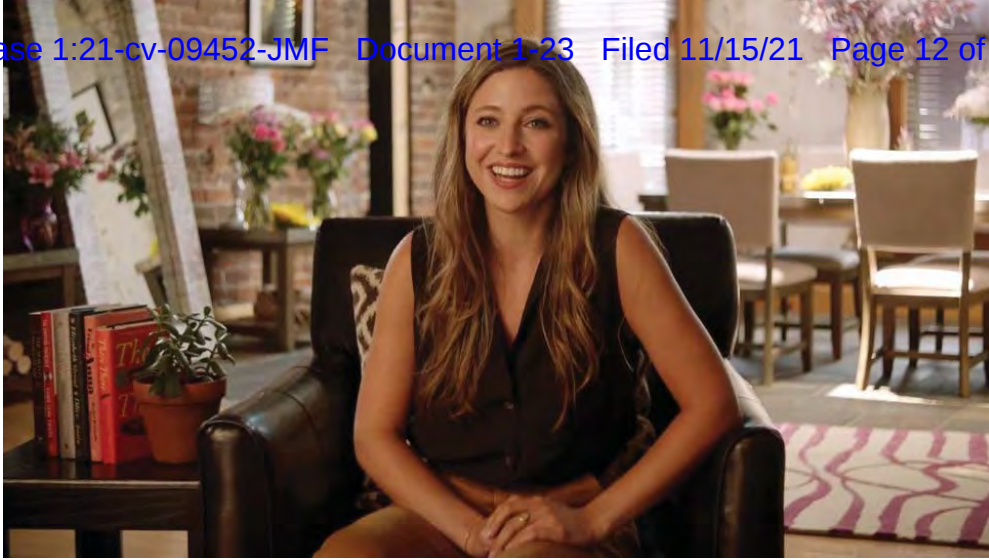
"That was initially one of the biggest challenges," the director says of having to "find a way to incorporate her perspective given that she was in jail and she had these restrictions because of Netflix."



Anna Sorokin/HBO Max

Remembering that one of Sorokin's drawings [appeared in the New York Times](#) and others had popped up on Instagram, Shane came up with the idea to get Sorokin to draw new images for the documentary. "They really bring her stories to life in a way that I'm not sure I've seen done elsewhere," Shane says.

In addition to Sorokin selling the rights to her story, Williams eventually told her version of events in the 2018 *Vanity Fair* article, "[As an Added Bonus, She Paid for Everything](#)," and later wrote a memoir, [My Friend Anna: The True Story of a Fake Heiress](#). The article was [optioned by HBO](#) to be developed into a series by Lena Dunham.



HBO Max

“Rachel really suffered through this experience. I think it was very difficult for her to realize that this person wasn’t who she thought she was,” Shane says. “But I think like a lot of other people, she was wise that she saw that she was part of this narrative and that the story was getting bigger and bigger and she decided, ‘I’m going to put my side of the story out there and write this book.’”

Between the book, the articles, the Netflix series and even the [“Fake German Heiress” T-shirts](#), “It’s almost like there’s this little sort of Anna Delvey cottage industry happening,” Shane says.

## Inventing Anna

Created by [Shonda Rhimes](#) and executive produced by Betsy Beers for Netflix, *Inventing Anna* is an upcoming true-crime drama inspired by the *New York* magazine article, [“How Anna Delvey Tricked New York’s Party People,”](#) by Jessica Pressler, who also serves as producer on the series. (Pressler’s previous work for the magazine served as the basis for the acclaimed Jennifer Lopez film [Hustlers](#).)

The official synopsis from the streaming service reads: “In *Inventing Anna*, a journalist with a lot to prove investigates the case of Anna Delvey, the Instagram-legendary German heiress who stole the hearts of New York’s social scene – and stole their money as well. But is Anna New York’s biggest con woman or is she simply the new portrait of the American dream? Anna and the reporter form a dark, funny love-hate bond as Anna awaits trial and our reporter fights the clock to answer the biggest question in NYC: who is Anna Delvey?”





Getty Images

The series stars [Julia Garner](#) as Anna; [Anna Chlumsky](#) as Vivian, the journalist looking into Sorokin; and [Katie Lowes](#) as Rachel, a follower of Delvey whose life is destroyed as a result and seemingly inspired by Williams (*see above*).

[Laverne Cox](#) will portray Kacy Duke, a celebrity fitness trainer hired by Sorokin; with *The Bold Type* actress Alexis Floyd as a hotel employee named Neff; and [Succession](#) breakout Arian Moayed as Todd, Sorokin's defense lawyer. (While Spodek appears in *Generation Hustle*, Duke and Neffatari Davis do not. "They were involved with the Netflix deal, so they couldn't speak to other people," Shane clarifies.)



Getty Images

Rounding out the cast is [Anders Holm](#) as Vivian's husband, Jack; Anna Deavere Smith as aging magazine employee Maud; Shondaland regular [Jeff Perry](#) as Lou, another aging magazine employee; Terry Kinney as a war correspondent named Barry; and [Jennifer Esposito](#) as Talia Mallay, an owner of a lavish lifestyle brand.

"Being in Shondaland has been a dream come true," Cox tells ET. "I'm such a huge fan of [Shonda's] work, everything she's about, everything she stands for." While she couldn't spoil anything about the series, she adds that filming has "been glorious so far. Shonda Rhimes is everything."

[Generation Hustle](#) is now streaming on HBO Max; [Inventing Anna](#) is coming soon to Netflix.

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## Exclusive: Tatler meets 'fake heiress' Anna Delvey

Ben Widdicombe is granted an exclusive tour of Delvey's ultra-luxury NYC apartment where she is living fresh outta jail and scheming even grander plans

12 Mar 2021



ANNA DELVEY BEING FILMED IN NEW YORK

As part of her application to study fashion at Central Saint Martins College, Anna Sorokin, then a teenager living in a small town in western Germany, submitted an essay titled 'Marie Antoinette: Villain

York's newest ultra-luxury development – which way the essay leaned.

'Victim,' she says, and a Cheshire cat smile spreads across her milky, cherubic features.

CSM, which she attended only briefly, was two lifetimes ago for the Moscow-born young woman who now goes by Anna Delvey. She became a New York media sensation in 2017 – dubbed by the tabloids a 'fake socialite' after grifting various friends and institutions during a years-long run of hotel living, fine dining, luxury shopping and international travel – and was released in February from a four-year stint in state prison.



Features

**What 'fake heiress' Anna Delvey did next**





ANNA DELVEY DURING JURY DELIBERATIONS IN HER TRIAL AT NEW YORK STATE SUPREME COURT

‘I got famous for a financial crime,’ she says nonchalantly, sipping Cloudy Bay sauvignon blanc as the setting sun illuminates the Statue of Liberty in the distance behind her. ‘I was charged with six grand larcenies, and got convicted of four.’

So, you’re a conwoman? ‘Absolutely not.’ She is shocked at the suggestion. ‘It was the prosecutors’ job to make me look bad, but in the end, they got upset for how famous I got over it.’

Such chutzpah is characteristic of Delvey, who has parlayed her notoriety into a slate of new projects, including a scripted Netflix series produced by Shonda Rhimes (she will be played by Julia Garner); Polaroid selfies and other work she hopes to sell via NFTs, the hot new thing in the artworld; and a potential reality TV show (for which we are being filmed by a videographer as we speak.)

There is also the ‘Correction Collection,’ a streetwear range she plans to sell through her website, *Delveymail.com*. Today, she is wearing a black hoodie from the line paired with bright white, \$500+ Alexander McQueen sneakers, and a \$450 pair of Celine cat-eye sunglasses, which are her trademark. The Netflix money sits in a mandated escrow account managed by her lawyer: there is victim restitution to pay, including around \$200,000 to various banks and hotels. But clearly, there’s enough left over for treats.

## **‘I was conned by a fake heiress’ – Anna Delvey’s former friend speaks out**

With the sun gone, she invites me downstairs to her fifteenth-floor apartment. She has only been in the furnished one-bedroom for a week, and there is not much here except for an unopened delivery from Net-a-Porter, a vaguely menacing block of new kitchen knives, and a copy of *Tatler*. In the sparsely-populated closet, a vintage Yves Salomon fur jacket hangs next to dusty pink Hypebae sweats.

Among the many chafing restrictions of her new life as a parolee – deportation to Germany being at least temporarily at bay, while she appeals her conviction – is a 9pm curfew which will keep the former ‘socialite’ cooped up, alone, until morning.

‘Which is ridiculous to me, because I’m not a threat to society anymore,’ she says, before that mischievous grin creeps back across her face. ‘The banks are closed anyways. I don’t see what they’re scared of.’

Features

## **Life for rent: The Cinderella experience on speed dial**

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Suki Waterhouse plays Would You Rather | Tatler UK



## Anna Delvey Is Making Up for Lost Time



Less than a week has passed since famed scam-tress, [Anna Delvey](#) (AKA Anna Sorokin), was [released from prison](#) and she's already busier than any of us have been in months. Having served almost four years for her various gifts and cons, the former faux heiress has hit the ground running by going on a social media blitz, [launching her own website](#) and announcing her vlogging channel, *Anna Delvey TV*.

Delvey had already gotten a head start while she was behind bars, updating her website with personal essays and sharing some label-conscious drawings on her Instagram. Now that she's out on parole, though, the aspiring socialite is ready to get things going in earnest albeit, this time, without any scams.

Delvey wasted no time getting back on brand, snapping glamorous i-woke-up-like-this selfies from bed, going on a Sephora run, and sharing caviar and champagne with a friend over the long weekend. Judging by the Celine glasses case stuffed with \$100 bills and [her tweet indicating as much](#), money is no longer an issue for Delvey (outside of having to ask her parole officer for permission to open up a bank account).

Delvey also reconnected with her ["Only Friend in New York" Neff Davis](#), posting behind-the-scenes shots of her and filmmaker Douglas

Higginbotham from presumably one of Delvey's forthcoming vlogs. Speaking with [Insider](#), she explained that "it's a way to control what I want to tell. So many people, I see, are trying to tell my narrative. I just decided to do something on my own."

Delvey's Twitter has also been a veritable goldmine of potential slogans ("Going to trial is the new sex tape") and a slightly unhinged FAQ section. Delvey stated that she wouldn't consider going back to Europe until they had paid Black people reparations and that the only job she would accept right now is creative director for Goldman Sachs. She even put out an open call for a boyfriend, which she quickly rescinded — but that doesn't mean she spent Valentine's day alone either.

Delvey apparently already has plans to expand her diaries into a book about the criminal justice system and her experiences behind bars. When asked if she had any lingering regrets, Delvey said, "I have to deal with the consequences of my actions, yeah. But to just sit around and just think about everything I've done — it's not going to have changed it. I don't know. It would be a huge waste of my time."

No word yet on whether or not [IMG Models](#) plans to sign Delvey, though.

*Photo via Getty/ TIMOTHY A. CLARY/ AFP*

From Your Site Articles

## 'Fake heiress' treated like a celebrity in prison



Fake German heiress Anna Sorokin is led away in 2019 after being sentenced in Manhattan Supreme Court following her conviction on multiple counts of grand larceny and theft of services. Picture: Timothy A. Clary/AFP *Source:AFP*

In her first published interview since being released from the upstate lockup, she told [\*Insider\*](#) that in prison the system wasn't that different.

"It's about who you know," she said, wearing a \$US720 (\$A925) Balenciaga hoodie, during a Zoom interview from a hotel room, the site reported.

"It's kind of like the scene in New York, but amplified. Because if you know the right officers, they're going to get you the right job. And so I had a job in a gym, because I just wanted to work out when no one else would go. And they give it to me."

She called her gig a "fraud" that amounted to about 15 minutes of real work.

When asked if she had celebrity status in the slammer, she replied, "Absolutely." She said she had become so famous that every single corrections officer knew who she was – and it wasn't always to her benefit.

Some of them, I guess, came from a place where they wanted to f\*\*k with me," she told *Insider*. "One of the sergeants, he was like, 'Well, who would you think you are? I had Amy Fisher.'"

Sorokin laughed and said she wasn't trying to compete with the 'Long Island Lolita', who served time at Albion after shooting and seriously wounding her lover's wife, Mary Jo Buttafuoco.

Anna Sorokin, better known as Anna Delvey, at court in 2019 during her trial at New York State Supreme Court. Picture: Timothy A. Clary/AFP  
*Source:AFP*

But, she added, most of the reactions from correction officers were positive.

"A lot of them were just very inappropriate, very unprofessional," she told the outlet. "Like, 'Oh my gosh, I love your story. I'm following you on Instagram.'"

A lot of misguided young women who arrived at Albion took a dark path, she said. "So many people, they come to prison and just start doing drugs," Sorokin observed. "I never saw as many drugs in New York as I did in prison."

Sorokin, who has reverted back to using her alias Anna Delvey, was famously unrepentant for her crimes, once telling a reporter after her conviction, "I'd be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything."

But that changed in October when she stood before the parole board and apologised profusely.

"I just want to say that I'm really ashamed and I'm really sorry for what I did," according to a transcript of the October 6 hearing.

Her contrition didn't last. "I think regret is just a useless feeling," she told *Insider*. "It would be a huge waste of my time."

The fake heiress sold her story to Netflix for over \$400,000. Picture: Instagram  
*Source:Instagram*

On Sunday, Sorokin was spotted leaving the 5-star Nomad hotel, before heading to a Manhattan Sephora – all while trailed by a cameraman.

She was paid at least \$US320,000 (\$A411,000) from Netflix for the rights to her life story for a series produced by Shonda Rimes. She has paid back \$US200,000 (\$A257,000) in restitution and says she plans to write a book.

In a statement, the state Department of Corrections and Community Supervision told the *New York Post* that Sorokin was treated like other inmates.

“All incarcerated individuals are treated the same regardless of sentence, with the program committee assigning appropriate programs or work assignments,” spokesperson Thomas Mailey said.

Her lawyer, Todd Spodek, declined to comment.

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# Anna Delvey

## Diaries

Diary Contact

# Donald Trump

Dear Mr. Trump,

Depending on Cyrus Vance's mood, there is approximately an 87% chance you will get closely acquainted with NYS criminal justice in the nearest future. Judging from my own experience and considering your vast resources and high incentive to flee, it's inevitable you will end up remanded and sent to Rikers Island, which for a while was my terrain.

I feel that it's my duty to share my newfound wisdom with someone who will have a plentiful of time and opportunity to put it to a good use—you.

So many memories!

While you're navigating this *terra incognita*, keep in mind that the experience will be whatever you choose to make of it. I used to roll my eyes at people who say 'It's not what you've been handed, it's how you take it.' Now it's your turn to find out if it works for you in practice. Do it right, and this involuntary retreat will quickly turn into something you can laugh about later.

Surely you will be pleased to discover that this is a surprisingly lawless place (for a government institution), where rules are viewed as a mere suggestion and boundaries don't exist.



Forget everything you've ever heard before—most people simply have no idea. It's definitely not something you can learn about from a movie or TV. I came here judgment-free, if only due to the fact that no one bothered to tell me this was an actual place and not a relic of modern folklore—and look at me now! Now they say that I'm kind of killing it at being a model prisoner.

And for the most part, I agree—I think I handled it beautifully. Not only was I surviving, I was thriving.

And if I can do it, so, most likely, can you.



First and foremost: get out of suicide watch/mental observation as soon as you possibly can—it's neither a good look, nor something you want to be remembered by. That's where the real crazies end up, unless they manage to fool the staff into thinking otherwise, and if you aren't dying to learn everything about pros and cons of S1, you don't want to be around that kind of energy. First impressions matter, and rolling into this jail while smelling of desperation and wallowing in self-pity is definitely not a way to commence your journey.

Another pro tip: pulling a medical emergency requiring an outside hospital trip is a tricky maneuver that can potentially backfire, ideally to be reserved for special occasions only, such as to delay one's sentencing hearing or to 'accidentally' ruin prosecution's plans to produce a witness. You want the attention, but not that kind.

You also want to stay out of PC—because who comes to Rikers to sit in protective custody? What a complete waste of time. Your best bet is GP (general population) in a high classification cell area—people here know they did it and don't care what you think of them. You won't be subjected to elaborate tales of delirious denial you will find in abundance in lowly criminal housing units. Acquired indifference is a good thing, something you will learn to appreciate as you gradually progress through the maze of institutional living. To put it simply—you want to be around real criminals, i.e. people with good prospects of being convicted of an A, B, or at least a C-grade felony, if only for the sake of the story. Or maybe that's just a personal preference.

Another upside of this arrangement is that it will keep you away from amateur drug peddlers, petty thieves, mere unfortunates who are here ‘by mistake,’ and anyone else with a generally unoriginal offense.



Getting arrested can at first seem extremely inconvenient. And I’m not going to embellish anything—I was very annoyed, I mean really bummed out to the point of no return when it happened—can’t they see that I’m busy? That I got things to do, places to get to? There is hardly a ruder way to cut into someone’s plans than to arrest them. Maybe being told that you’re the father comes somewhat close. I wouldn’t know.

But then I thought about it, and what was it really that I was missing that morning? Having to sit through another pointless lunch pondering someone else’s mediocrity? Officer? I’m over here.

Will you see it coming, or get ambushed like me? Whatever. The destination is the same.

In especially trying moments, just think about your street cred going through the roof—no PR person in the world could’ve orchestrated it better. See it the way I did—as an exciting adventure to an exotic, far-away island. Rikers is just stop number one and you won’t be kept here for too long. Therefore, while you’re here, try to explore as much as possible and see the entire compound, which will soon be turned into a museum. Consider it an early VIP preview, like at Art Basel. How many of your friends can say that?



While dealing with the Department of Corrections employees—COs, captains, depts, wardens or whatever meaningless titles they like to bestow on each other—keep in mind that after me, you’re by far the most exciting thing that happened to them in these past months. All they really want from you is a story they can tell their cousin in Michigan about their wild ‘cop job’ in the city—so please don’t disappoint and give it to them, be gracious and don’t hold back. It will make them feel important and will go a long way when you get to the stage of acquiring ‘the essentials.’ Keep in mind that you are merely something new

to talk about, until someone more famous comes along and the novelty of your presence wears off.

Learn from my mistakes. I had to pay a price for consistently being a ‘cunt’ to a certain group of COs in intake, and then someone named Martinez kept giving away my phone pin for others to use, so don’t. Or do—because whatever, fuck them, who cares. Making them think you’re easily thrown off by such a minor inconvenience will only fuel their desire to test your emotional limits. In the end, sabotaging your outside communication is literally one of the worst things they can do to you here, aside from trying to secure themselves a deal for a book they are planning on naming something original like *Guarding the Duchess*.

However you choose to proceed, don’t you worry—the beginning is always the hardest. That’s when you will find out how much you can get away with while dealing with individual cops, and vice versa. In comparison, the rest will be a breeze.

Whatever you do, don’t buy into any of that ‘good behavior’ bullshit—it’s a fairy tale they tell all new intakes to make their job easier.

You don’t know yet, but you will soon: being here is all about managing to have the most fun possible, against all odds and despite all their attempts to ‘direct order’ you left and right.

I was very bad, but on the down low. And you can be just like me!



## THE ESSENTIALS

Make right friends in security or someone in a similar position with enough pull and you may or may not be able to get a cell phone. But try not follow my example—don’t let your friends post pictures that completely coincidentally look a lot like they’ve been taken on this jail’s rooftop on your Instagram account, geotagging Rikers. It’s a fun story, but, as I had to discover, the DOC don’t really appreciate it when you make them look stupid while you’re in their custody. You don’t want to be inconvenienced by having all your belongings flipped while the aforementioned correctional professionals of highest rank are

summoned by the warden herself to look for the phantom phone, or said friend to be a subject of an extended, blown-out-of-proportion NYPD investigation requiring multiple questionings and in-person detective visits. Keeping things on the DL is the key.

There are other ways to get attention. I'd give this 3 out of 10 at most.



When a need for an impromptu unrecorded phone call arises (which was often for me), the phone in the chapel is by far the easiest one to gain access to on short notice. Just like when you're running for office, it's smart to have some religious affiliations—think ahead and never leave that 'religion' box empty when filling out your intake papers.

'I am a Christian.' Try telling me I'm not, Captain Johnson!

Simply go to the chapel to pray for a bit and ask your assigned spiritual guru to dial for you. If it's international, have your people/lawyers three-way the intended recipient, and for added privacy speak French or German, or pretty much any other language that's not English or Spanish, hoping they won't be able to place it.

Still, it's not the same as having your own personal phone, and, keeping in mind that it's very unchristian to lie too often (except to yourself, then it's ok), you won't be able to get away with doing this on regular basis.

In which case you'll just have to resort to paying other inmates on your unit for their phone time (which is, like your freedom, restricted)—making it one of the few occasions for the items you will purchase on commissary to actually come in handy. Get a bit of everything—you'd be surprised how not everyone is of the opinion that something called 'fudge surprise' should be illegal and distribution of same an unpardonable federal offense punishable with community service tending to the morbidly obese.



## FOOD

However you choose to look at it, food is a difficult one. If possible, stay away completely. No one with any self-respect can be expected to actually ingest the garbage they have the nerve to offer here. Good news is that you will most likely encounter multiple COs who will be more than willing to sneak you stuff from their cafeteria. The bad part is that their food is nothing to write home about either. What did you imagine?

So being in jail is a good time to detox from ubiquitous things like sugar, alcohol, dairy, fried and processed foods. Cleanse, lose some weight, become a vegetarian.

The few safe-to-consume items include salads, beans, fruits and vegetables (they aren't organic, so peel off the skins), and single servings of gluten-free Cheerios. Everything else—just no.

The only acceptable use for most of the junk that's for sale on commissary is to pay others to acquire more of the items from the eatable category, their phone time, silence, and other miscellaneous service and favors you will need, like cleaning and doing laundry. You will have no shortage of friends willing to take over mundane tasks for you. However, never underestimate the power of incentive—if you find someone who's good at doing both, be a keeper and ensure they stay happy and well-paid. By the way of trial and error you will encounter many that will overpromise and underdeliver, and oftentimes it will be just easier to move to another cell and throw away the dirty things and have new ones sent in—there are no limits on how many panties, socks and t-shirts one can get. Weirdly, they actually allow you to pass dirty laundry to your visitors and have them bring it back to you next time they return, so if you like for your grey sweatsuit (no hoods or zippers!) to smell like Tom Ford's Tuscan Leather, nobody will stop you.

I'll skip over the part about uniforms because I'm guessing you will have little use for it. I can tell you are no slave to vanity and don't frivolously squander your time on optics. Appreciate the fact that no female CO will ever suggest you to go take off your altered state pants and return 'properly dressed' as described the rulebook, directive §123.45.



It will be a great challenge, but do your best to stay away from aspiring screenwriters and producers—those tend to not reveal themselves as such immediately. Same goes for Jesus freaks and newly reborn Christians, depressed white boys (too fickle), and anyone too chatty—nine times out of ten they are heavily medicated and will be impossible to get rid of. In your fragile state, you can hardly compete against someone else's unfair advantage in form of boundless drug-boosted energy.

Note my strong personal distaste for squares and similar sorts of people, who are easily manipulated by cheap policing techniques—they are the reason those exist in the first place. 'Do as we say or we'll shut off the phones.' Excuse me!? Go ahead, help yourself, why the wait?

You didn't get where you're at by playing by the rules, and neither did they, and now is definitely not the time to start. Jesus, aren't people like that so annoying?

Squares and perennial victims are easily the two most dangerous inmate types, to be steered clear of completely. You'll find out why soon enough.

Rappers and murderers are usually ok, although beware if they also happen to be Caucasian.

## VISITS

Always check the name of whoever showed up see you before you come out on that visiting floor, and most definitely prior to dropping off caricature drawings of your prosecution intended strictly for private enjoyment only—don't be like me and let The New York Times both cajole you into giving them an extemporaneous interview right before your sentencing and leave armed with the drawings to accompany their tell-all bombshell masterpiece of investigative journalism about how you are so not sorry and would do it all again, making you look like a complete idiot. All that just because you made the mistake assuming they were the visitor you were expecting.

It goes for both civilian and attorney visits—you don't want ANYONE to be able to say they successfully managed to trick you into seeing them. Because



random lawyers, too, will jump on the opportunity to drop by unannounced in a desperate attempt to convince you that you require their services. Like so many other things in life that are being offered to you for free, it's either a trap or just another waste of your time. Tell them to go write you a letter, like everyone else.

## RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

If anyone asks if you'd like to 'volunteer,' the answer is absolutely no! Stay away from any type of extracurricular programs, group activities or other commitments—trust me, so not worth it.

The same goes for getting a 'job'—considering the time and effort it requires, the sheer entertainment value of it tends to be relatively low. The math simply doesn't add up and my verdict here: pass.

Should you find yourself feeling charitable for whatever reason, the choices are plentiful: you could try improving your sickle skills as a part of the outside crew, type off mental health inmate grievances as a social services clerk, or try your hand at dough-kneading while fending off the faunal residents of the messhall who are here to enjoy some of your fresh-baked bread, to name a few.

You could do it once or twice, just for fun, as a way to check out the surroundings. Committing to couple of hours of every single one of these noble endeavors shall take care of any further fantasies about institutional recruitment you may be having for the foreseeable future.

Simply say you're considering your options, then tell them it just wasn't for you. Remember, at this stage of your confinement, they cannot make you do anything yet, so enjoy it as long as it lasts.



If anyone straight up suggests you go and do something, just pretend like you have no idea what they're talking about, and most of the time, they'd rather not deal with you at all. Little bit of patience and consistency on your part, and very soon they will stop asking altogether. You'll get there.

I for example got banned from having any type of job in the entire facility on the fourth day, but it's not about me right now.

And believe me, no one here is trying to teach you how to push a broom. Despite anything they may have told you, there is no shortage of janitorially-skilled individuals in this tight-knit community, so leave it to the pros to handle the dubious tasks. 'I refuse to learn, because learning means subverting my beliefs and becoming a member of proletariat,' my neighbor likes to say. She must know what she's talking about—it's her seventeenth time here, which makes the act of resistance even more of an achievement. I thought she deserved to get quoted here at least once.

Also don't let them talk you into anything under the pretense that 'it will make your time go by faster.' As far as the Department of Corrections is concerned, you're 'not available for nothing.' Whoever thinks that unpaid manual labor is a good use of their time, let them do it. Why take away that opportunity from someone else who can really benefit from hours of mopping hallways?

It took me some time to arrive at the conclusion that this is what rehabilitation is all about—everything ain't for everybody, you pick whatever works for you. And you do want all your time for yourself—don't allow them to take any of it!



This forced break is a good opportunity to revisit previously intimidating classics such as *War and Peace*, *Moby Dick* and *Crime and Punishment*. Or, like me, think of it as a writer's retreat, eliminate any potential distractions and pen something of your own—the possibilities are endless!

I personally would love to see you do great things—like host a jail comedy workshop, or commit to a humorous weekly column for 'Rikers News from the Inside,' or both.

Please?

You are one of the most underrated comedians of our age, and I know I can't be the only one to share the sentiment. Unburdened from restraints of political correctness, just think about all the topics that were off-limits to you for the past four years. There never was a better time or place than now. Don't let any



of your potential go to waste. And when you blow up, don't forget who put you on.

If your friend Lil Wayne can record songs and I can open eight bank accounts in Switzerland over that Rikers phone, the least you can do to give back to society is entertain the islanders with some 'DT Sr., Unleashed.'

So what, they put you in jail. The joke's still on them.



A lot of the officers are just as bored by this situation as you are, and will happily bring bootleg DVDs (courtesy of their dealer from the pink houses on Canarsie) for you to watch together while they pretend to be hard at work, keeping you safe and alive for your next court appearance. Don't just blindly trust their taste—be proactive and create a list to steer them into the right direction. Having to watch *Mall Cop*, *Dumb and Dumber* or all parts of the *Scary Movie* series ever made is not part of the punishment, ugly jail furniture is. However, don't rush into staples like *Paid in Full*, *Honor Up*, *Girls Trip*, *Silence of the Lambs* and *Cop Out* just yet either—you will be seeing a lot of that shortly, at your next destination—the upstate NY prison.

Last thing (that you may have already discovered on your own)—I know for a fact that approximately every third CO at Rikers is not really a CO, but an aspiring actor/actress/movie director/politician/super CEO, just waiting for the right role/reality show/person to discover them, so it's all not really that far away from what you're used to. Ultimately, the odds are in your favor.

Be assured that they waste no time practicing their acting skills in real life, play-pretending to be a fearless public servant, policing the outlaws for their real and perceived transgressions, protecting the society from itself on its own behalf, bravely patrolling decrepit structures, wearing those instantly recognizable sweaty-looking dark blue uniforms as a sign of surrender to the art, sporting a pair of handcuffs and pepper spray for the sake of credibility, groping for their radio piece they always leave behind somewhere it shouldn't have been in the first place, undaunted by any protocols or moral codes of behavior, dangling a bunch of keys for doors that never open, excelling at the

metier of watching the cameras ensconced in a glass bubble, making the shit look easy. Also trying to make enough money so they can quit this pointless corrections/adult-sitting job, which always was a mere stepping stone on their path to superstardom.

Observing them brings up the thoughts of ‘Fake it till you make it, and when you do make it, keep faking it some more,’ and even though it’s only been like two years and some change, these thoughts appear so distant, like I used to think them decades ago, seeming so out of place and irrelevant against my current jail surroundings.

So when in doubt, just tell them that you will make some intros and pull some strings—that’s all they really want to hear. A glimmer of hope for a brighter future ahead, far away from this dump.

Depending on your audience, some other good things to say are that you are investing in progressive media and marijuana startups, on the side.

Now, even if they hate you, they really can’t deny you.

Congrats, you solved the Rikers puzzle.



To me the twisted and toxic beauty of this place is the same kind as the beauty of the New York City subway—while everyone is trapped in the same repugnant space underground, inhaling the same noxious fumes, the only thing that really matters is that everyone without exception is headed someplace new and better, confident in their knowledge that they’re just passing by, that no one is here to stay. The present here always comes with an expiration date—sometimes slowly and lazily, sometimes suddenly and violently morphing itself into the future, almost/barely satisfying the craving for the constant state of transition.



I had no one to teach me any of this before I got here, they told me to go solve my own puzzles. I had to learn directly from the streets. And yards and hallways. I am an autodidact.

It feels great to finally be able to share all this invaluable advice, so millions of future convicts (fun stat—nearly one out of every 100 people in the U.S. will get to come to a jail or a prison at least once in their lifetime. Sounds like an industry on the rise!) around the world (they'll arrange to extradite you from anywhere if they feel like you're worth it) will be armed with knowledge to turn it into a smooth sailing.

Telling my story is what really makes me glow from within!

I feel so grateful for my state-issue tablet and for my innate linguistic prowess, and even if just one single aspiring felon will have an easier time navigating the corrections system after reading this, it would already be more than I could ever hope to achieve for myself, and my work here will be truly complete. Greatest gift ever.

Did I succeed in showing you how easy it all is? I am in the process of turning this experience into something bigger and better.

My deviant tendencies aside, I think I'm such a good person in general, and so many great things are happening to me already. And whoever said otherwise, thank god I never listened.

You're welcome!

Yours,

Anna Delvey

January, 2021

Life is Hard (Pt. 1) >



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# Anna Delvey

## Diaries

Diary Contact

# Dear Harvey Weinstein

Dear Harvey Weinstein,

Do you sometimes feel like the lead character in *Harvey, Interrupted*?

This past Thanksgiving, I was flipping through the channels while my prison sis put the finishing touches on our holiday dinner—sprinkling dried shiitake mushrooms on top of vegan mac & cheese, and stirring coconut chickpea curry. It was a rare moment of quiet, as the rest of the fam was gone on their regular 5pm medication run. Something on TMZ caught my eye: a report on what ‘celebrity prisoners’ were having for their Thanksgiving meal, and you just so happened to be one of them (alongside Lori Loughlin and Bill Cosby, in case you were wondering who else ranked a mention).

It hit too close to home. I wasn't going to stand by and watch such misinformation being spread, so I stayed up all night and wrote this.

(So it's February now. Blame JPay for the delay.)

Being criminal and famous like we are (and a prolific emailer while CMC status like I am) isn't all fun and strangers sending you pounds of caviar. It's also strangers whose job is to correct you collecting and bringing tabloid articles about you to work, strangers admitting to having a Google alert on you,

strangers listening to your calls and reading your messages, strangers watching you sleep, strangers trying things to make themselves a part of the story they don't know yet they want no part of, but you can't save everyone.

It's like being on record for three years straight. You know.

Do you at times feel a psychotic desire for self-importance that is frankly unreasonable?

Evidently TMZ managed to get a hold of the respective facilities' menus. I can understand the entertainment value of enumerating and comparing various prison offerings, final conclusion being that all of it sounds not so very bad at all and at times even 'delish.'

But the nerve of them to sloppily suggest that you, of all people, would be making the trek to the messhall Thursday night for some turkey and an ice cream sundae like some nondescript, like a regular, reporting their assumption as if it's truth, without even calling for a basic fact-check, eradicating the possibility of any other reality that doesn't fit their story. And they call themselves 'news.'

The fun stops here.

Isn't it the worst when clueless civilians make random assertions and act like they're in the loop? Don't you just hate listening to them ponder your life here? I know I do. I often feel that by putting certain things in words so crudely, by summarizing bits and pieces of information so conveniently and neatly, sanitizing them for public consumption, trying to answer the hows and whys, they are devaluing the authenticity of my experience. Like, look at them, they managed to get the scoop and didn't even have to go to prison. They got it all figured out, don't they.

The only problem of course is that it's not how any of this works.

It takes years of committed research and selfless dedication to get an interesting, accurate, and newsworthy story out of this.

First of all, how could they possibly know that you already have a freezer full of ice cream sandwiches on standby, which is a significant step up from the

above-mentioned messhall sundaes. That's what the unit COs are there for. We trained our steady not to take up too much space in his little cop fridge. Move, there is no space for you here, go away. Intermittent fasting during work hours is good for you. Who else out there could possibly be invested in a CO's diet they way we are? It's in our best interest to keep him in good condition so we don't have to train some new, unpredictable, and potentially uncooperative officer, endangering our livelihoods. I'm positive you have your own Ms. X to do the same for you.

Generally speaking, obtaining contraband from COs is a challenge, a power play. A twisted mind game of sorts, if you wish. Something tells me you're good at it, too.

Knowing that someone is willing to assume various degrees of risk for absolutely nothing in return, just on the strength of you being you is a nice feeling. Is that wrong?

The reporters also don't know that should you feel like being a good prisoner, you have unlimited package allowance for non-food items and a 35 lb limit for perishables (more of which, again, can be purchased from your peers), plus all the sad stuff you can buy from commissary.

With all these options available, who really has the time to go to the messhall?

On top of that—surprise, civilians—no one in their right mind goes there to actually eat.

People go there to meet/stalk their girlfriends (boyfriends?) who were misbehaving and are now on 'loss of life' (borrowed game show rhetoric doesn't end here) and/or to complete illegal transactions. Only absolute losers with nothing better to do go to messhall to eat—as well as everyone else who doesn't mind chancing a soy shock, cavities, diabetes, obesity and premature death.

It all falls in the same category as going on that 8pm 'library book drop' movement during quarantine shutdown to see your 'brothers' and 'sisters' from other units, or everyone dropping 'sick call' tabs at the same time so you all are on the same callout to finger your girlfriend in the medical waiting room (which

is OK as long as you both are wearing a mask, as far as the administration in Albany are concerned).

It's a fraud, a play-pretend, exactly like 85% of the rest that's going on in here.



Are you sometimes paranoid and feel like the world's against you?

Like everyone is out to get you, just waiting for you to make a mistake so they can go ahead and write another book about you, sharing their invaluable insights about the inner workings of your mind?



As far as I can tell from my limited news sources, you are currently, as they say here, 'next door' at Wende's (though there are no doors, just gates) where everything is supposedly the same as in Albion.

Isn't it comforting to know that no matter what one did, as long as it falls into the 'felony' category, everyone will be going to the same place?

You and me are so different, yet at the same time so alike,—at least in the opinion of the state of NY.

Murder, drug sale, rape, DUI/DWI, manslaughter, larceny, unlawful possession, you name it—it really doesn't matter! Anything goes. Being a hardcore criminal is not even a requirement, because if you weren't one before, you will have plentiful opportunity and all the time in the world to rectify that shortcoming in prison.

Even the length of one's sentence fails to be a reliable wickedness indicator; the only obvious difference in everyone's experiences I have been able to pinpoint so far is the name of the program you will be falling asleep in—it's either anger management, substance abuse, or GED prep. There are more, but no matter what they're called, it's all the same. You can be in 'custodial maintenance' and sniff pills in the bathroom, or you can be in 'horticulture' and sniff pills in the bathroom. That's how you earn a certificate that will 'look good for the board,' so you can get out on parole, get violated for self-medicating, come right back where you belong and do it all over again. There is a sort of



shattered beauty in the insanity of this never-ending, dog-chasing-its tail, fucked up cycle.

These days, the U.S. criminal justice system really is one of the few reassuring constants in life that can be relied upon.



How are you enjoying the countryside so far? It's a rather drastic change of scenery, isn't it? Farmboys with tattoos of cornfields as your COs, Republicans everywhere, almost-Canadian winters, people who either have never been to the city but eventually want to, have been once and hated it, or never want to go anywhere near it, longest time I've ever been stranded in one place in my entire life.

People who either have never been to the city but eventually want to, have been once and hated it, or never want to go anywhere near it. It's so much easier to move to NYC from another continent than from upstate.

I find it ridiculous to look back at my old self and think about how I could ever live my life without any of these experiences in my system.



Don't you hate it when people try to be your friends?

When they act so fucking understanding, like they totally can relate to your life built on pillars of nihilism and amorality? Like they have even a remote idea how many sacrifices and tough choices it took to become what you are now?

And all that only to be able to say later that they did your hair in court once? (Aside: has anyone started @harveyweinsteinincourtlooks? Get on it, internet.)

Isn't it easier to just observe people and then put them in words and numbers, translate them into stories, bend them and twist them while fitting them into a controlled narrative, carefully putting them away inside a story right where you can see them, instead of succumbing to the pointlessness of trying to make sense or to really get to know anyone?

It is true that the overwhelming majority gets a new, 'prison' name. Government names are for the police.

I'm wondering what they call you. I imagine it being something simple but original and on point. Whatever it is, if I have to endure being called a German princess, despite multiple failed attempts to rebrand myself, you can handle whatever name they chose for you. In this case, I won't have any words of encouragement or compassion.

My PR here definitely leaves a lot of room for improvement.

Abuse begets abuse.



Are you coming to terms with your bad behavior, harboring thoughts of redemption, feeling like you are capable of change? Would you want to change at all? Or are you trying to hold on to the negative, preserve it at any cost, because you know that erasing the bad will also erase whatever good and interesting remains in you, and all that will be left is nothingness, flatness, numbness, indifference? Is it just the price you pay, or is it impossible to really have it all, whatever that 'all' even means?

Do you even care?



Does reading this make you think of all those distant Purple parties (hi!), the observation box at Milk studios, damp Chateau stationery, dark overconditioned Escalades, sweet cigar smoke, color blue, 111 Centre St., police escorts, those heavy wide Manhattan Supreme Court leather chairs, familiar tingling coldness of handcuffs being slipped on your wrists, not necessarily in that order, like it's someone else's life, not yours?

Don't answer too quickly, it's a trick question.

Not really?

Me neither.

Sad.



I'm of the recently acquired opinion that aside from money, nothing is really easy.

Are you like me sometimes, sitting there thinking that you probably won't be able to date a regular, average person ever again?

Not that I'd want to, but I'd still like to have the option.

I'm wondering at which point exactly do you give up on being normal.



Do you see yourself as an isolated exceptionalist struggling against an unfair system, unjustly prosecuted for what your peers continue doing openly and unpunished?

I've been down that slippery path before, imagining what it'd feel like to exploit the performance of victimhood to its fullest. I remember how seductive it seemed to plunge headfirst into the murky waters of endless navel-gazing, the siren song of weeks of staying in bed and analytical self-exploration.

But I got lucky—turns out I'm not that introspective.

It would've been so easy to subscribe to that version of reality where I'm the damsel in distress—but aside from the fact that I was an active participant (and can those ever truly be the victim?), and the simple truth that the prospect of a life with a perennial victim mentality is disgusting—it also doesn't help that I always liked the villains better. So maybe it's really not much of a coincidence I ended up in prison. Maybe it was energy in search of an outcome. Maybe my whole life led to this?

We tell the stories we want.

Do you feel like you're not who you pretend to be?

But then again, isn't it all in the eye of the beholder?



Do you feel like now it's all fringe and no benefits?



Do you feel like you've always been misunderstood and mislabeled?

Do you get tired of feeling crazy sometimes?

Do you feel like no one gets you?

Asking for a friend.

xx

Anna Delvey

November 2020

Rikers Island  
101 for Donald >  
Trump



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## Anna Sorokin, Faux Heiress And Subject Of Netflix Series And HBO Project, Wins Parole Date



Mary Altaffer/AP/Shutterstock

[Anna Sorokin](#), the fake heiress who swindled the high society elite of Manhattan, has been granted parole.

The rights to her story were acquired by [Netflix](#), with *Grey's Anatomy* and *Scandal* creator [Shonda Rhimes](#) attached. [Lena Dunham](#) is also working on a Sorokin project for [HBO](#).

Sorokin, now 29, could be released as soon as early next year, her attorney Todd Spodek told the [New York Post](#) on Friday.

"Anna has paid her debt to society handsomely, and I hope society repays the favor," Spodek said.

Sorokin scammed an estimated \$275,000 from her friends while pretending to be an heiress with funds tied up in various transit.

Sorokin is incarcerated at Albion Correctional Facility, a medium-security facility in upstate New York. She faces deportation to Germany upon release. She was convicted in April of last year of attempted grand larceny, theft of services, and larceny in the second

degree and sentenced to serve 4 to 12 years in state prison, fined \$24,000, and ordered to pay restitution of about \$199,000.

**UPDATE:** Anna Sorokin, who faked being an heiress and scammed hotels, friends and others out of huge amounts of money and services, told the New York Times in an interview that she's not sorry.

"I'd be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything," Sorokin [told The New York Times](#). "I regret the way I went about certain things."

Sorokin was sentenced Thursday to four to 12 years in prison for her theft. Sorokin used the name Anna Delvey and claimed a 60-million-euro fortune.

"My motive was never money," she said, adding, "I was power hungry. I'm not a good person."

Sorokin claims she'll write a memoir about her exploits, and also a second volume about her stint at New York prison Rikers Island.

After serving her time, Sorokin will likely be deported.

**EARLIER:** Anna Sorokin, who posed as a German heiress and scammed money, hotel rooms and travel from unwitting banks, hotels, friends and others, was found guilty of attempted grand larceny Thursday in Manhattan.

Sorokin was convicted for stealing more than \$200,000 from banks and friends, who fueled her entry into upper crust society under the belief she was heir to a fortune, but having difficulty juggling funds.

Sorokin, also known as Anna Delvey, was convicted of attempted grand larceny, three grand larceny counts and a misdemeanor charge of theft of services, District Attorney Cyrus R. Vance Jr. said. She is expected to be sentenced on May 9.

The brazen scam made Sorokin a hot Hollywood commodity after she was profiled in a New York Magazine article, *How Anna Delvey Tricked New York's Party People*, by Jessica Pressler. An estimated dozen

producers were pursuing the story for a screen adaptation for TV and/or features.

The rights were eventually acquired by Netflix, with *Grey's Anatomy* and *Scandal* creator Shonda Rhimes attached. It would be Rhimes's first series for the streaming service.

As for 28-year-old Sorokin, she's likely headed for a different hotel – The Grey Bar.

"As proven at trial, Anna Sorokin committed real white-collar felonies over the course of her lengthy masquerade," Vance said in a statement. "I thank the jury for its service in this complex trial, as well as my office's prosecutors and investigators for their meticulous investigation and resolve to ensure that Sorokin faces real justice for her many thefts and lies."

## **Read More About:**



## Anna "Delvey" Sorokin Was My Friend. Here's How I Helped Bring the Fake Heiress to Justice

*In 2016, [Rachel DeLoache Williams](#), then a 28-year-old photo editor at Vanity Fair, struck up a friendship with Anna "Delvey," a woman claiming to be a German heiress but soon known to the world as the "Soho grifter." "Delvey," actually named Anna Sorokin, introduced Williams to her version of New York City, one studded with spontaneous dinners at high-end restaurants, private training sessions and countless spa treatments. But after Williams agreed to accompany Sorokin on a trip to Morocco, where she was unexpectedly made responsible for bills totaling more than \$60,000, she soon began to wonder if her friend was a con artist. Williams testified at the [April 2019 trial of Sorokin](#), a Russian immigrant who was found guilty by a jury in New York City of grand larceny and theft of services for stealing more than \$200,000 from banks, hotels and others. (Sorokin was found not guilty of the charges specific to Williams' case.) In her forthcoming book, [My Friend Anna](#), Williams reveals the role she played in helping law enforcement officials capture Sorokin, who was [sentenced to four to 12 years](#) in prison.*

New York Assistant District Attorney Catherine McCaw and New York Police Department Officer Michael McCaffrey called me the day Anna was due to appear in court on misdemeanor theft of services charges. "She didn't show up," said ADA McCaw. "If you were to text Anna, do you think she'd respond?"

My heart snagged on a beat as I paused to reconsider the likelihood. "Yes," I told her. It wouldn't be hard, I reassured myself as I hung up the phone. What was the worst that could happen?

It was the first text I had sent to Anna in almost a month. The tone was like that of so many texts that had come before, but now the purpose narrowed, as did the feeling of who was in control. My goal

was to re-establish contact, and uncover her location. I sent the message at half past two: *Hey Anna. I've been thinking about you today, as I know you had that court date. I wondered how it's gone for you. In thinking back through everything, I can tell you must have gotten into some sort of situation that I don't understand. I can't imagine you intended for things to turn out the way they have. It seems like you must have gotten into trouble somehow. I'm sorry that you didn't feel like you could tell me the full story — and I'm sorry you're in this mess, however it happened.*

I meant what I said.

Anna said nothing. News of her skipped court date appeared in the New York *Post*: "[Wannabe socialite skips court, now faces arrest](#)," which meant it was now public knowledge that she was wanted by the police. She must have known that, too.

Her silence lasted until almost five the next day.

*I'm in a hospital since Monday*, her text said. *Bad reception.*

I responded immediately with a barrage of questions: *What??! Are you ok? Are you in NYC? Should I come by? I remember you hadn't been feeling well. What happened?*

But she was done with answers for the day.

I sent everything to Officer McCaffrey. He was receptive but wanted to be sure I wasn't overextending myself emotionally, given that I was a victim in the case. Yes, I was nervous, but I was within my comfort zone. And, besides, if I didn't do this, who else could?

When I woke up the next morning, I saw Anna's next text. *In CA*, it read. Broad. Then again, progress was progress. Officer McCaffrey suggested I ask for an address to send flowers, but I was afraid Anna would see through that. Instead, remembering how badly she had once wanted to see the *Mirage* installation near Palm Springs, I took a roundabout approach: *Are you out of the hospital now, and ok? Did you finally go to see Doug Aitken's glass house?*

After that, I waited.

Two weeks later, Anna finally gave me a clue.

*I'm in Malibu for now*, she said.

Malibu. Where would Anna stay in Malibu? I was driven to finish the puzzle, and its final pieces were coming together faster than I even realized. On Monday morning, the week before I would be traveling to Los Angeles for a work trip, Anna and I continued our conversation.

*Where are you staying? Are you going to be there for the next week? Or are you coming back to NY sooner?* I asked, letting her know that I would arrive on Sunday.

*I think I will still be in Malibu*, she answered.

*I wish my Soho House membership included the one in Malibu*, I said. I kept the conversation light.

Then, she said: *Let's try to get together in LA next week.*

Momentum was building, and yet, as the investigation moved toward its conclusion, I was uneasy. Why did I have to be the one to betray her? And would she know that it was me?

When Anna called that afternoon, I answered spontaneously. Her tone was casual, unaffected by the dramatic tension of our recent past. It was astonishing how quickly we slid into our old dynamic: two friends catching up.

"I'm in rehab," she confided. She was supposed to be there for 30 days, she explained, and she had been there for two weeks already.

"I'm glad you're getting help," I replied. I didn't ask what for. "Do you get to go to the beach much?" I asked, homing in on her location.

"Yeah," she confirmed, "they offer beach walks." The center was just across the Pacific Coast Highway.

How else did she pass the time, I asked — were there tennis courts on the property?

There were, she answered, but lately she'd taken up golf. The facility had a relationship with a country club in Calabasas.

And whom did she play with, I pressed. She had made a few friends, she told me. Anna had entered an enclosed center that catered to the wealthiest people in their most vulnerable state — of course she had made a few friends. After less than 10 minutes, the call dropped, and Anna texted to say that she was off to her next activity. I studied my notes from the conversation and began to do my research.

A fair number of luxury rehab centers dotted the stretch of the Pacific Coast Highway near Malibu, but Officer McCaffrey and I focused on two, Promises and Passages, both of which closely resembled Anna's descriptions. Costing upward of \$60,000 per month, the latter billed itself as the world's most luxurious addiction rehab center — and as such, for Anna, it seemed the likeliest choice. Though it felt like we were getting close, due to health care privacy regulations it wasn't so easy to check.

On October 1st, I landed in LA and received a message from Anna asking if I'd arrived. Yes, I told her.

*Nice, where are you staying?*

*The Four Seasons, I answered, but haven't been to the hotel yet. You still in your place?* I asked. *It's not Passages is it?*

*Yes I am, she replied. Pls don't tell anyone though.*<sup>[1]</sup><sub>SEP</sub>

*That place is supposed to be the best, I volunteered.*<sup>[1]</sup><sub>SEP</sub>

She asked me to visit, but I demurred. I suggested lunch on October 3.

*Sure, she replied.*

The day before our lunch date, I called Officer McCaffrey. It was the eleventh hour and I had doubts, not about whether Anna would show up to meet me — I was sure that she would — but about my

willingness to proceed. What did I care if Anna got arrested? Whether she did or she didn't, the damage was already done. It wasn't going to reverse time, eliminate my stress or restore my finances. Vengeance had never been my motive. For a long time Anna had scared me, but closer up she seemed less threatening.

"Is this the only way she makes her money?" I asked Officer McCaffrey. As far as he knew, deceit was her sole source of income.

*How much time do you have for lunch tomorrow?* Anna asked later.<sup>[L][SEP]</sup>

*One and a half hours,* I told her.

*Ok noon it is,* she wrote back. *You choose the spot.* I suggested a restaurant called Joan's on Third.<sup>[L][SEP]</sup>

Once upon a time, not long ago, I had been living my life and doing just fine. Anna's presence in my world had occurred suddenly and quickly expanded. Her influence spread undetected. While she bought me dinners and invited me on vacation, I deluded myself into thinking that, as reciprocity, my understanding, time and attention would be enough. Meanwhile, under the guise of friendship, she tethered herself to my core. With every hour we spent together, her power grew. Where I felt connection, she felt control.

I felt the loss of Anna, not as she was but as I had once perceived her to be. When I lost that, I lost a part of myself. When I became disillusioned with my friend, I became disillusioned with my faith in the innate goodness of all people.

The text from Officer McCaffrey arrived at 9:18 a.m. on October 3rd. *Call me,* it read. I ducked around the corner, cell phone to my ear, bracing myself. "They got her," he said. Anna was arrested by the Los Angeles Police Department as she left Passages that morning. She was in custody, on her way to wherever it is that criminals who are arrested in Malibu are taken for booking. At noon, the very minute I was scheduled to arrive at Joan's on Third, I was of course still on my work site. I sent a series of messages to Anna:

*Me: Hey, I'm running like 10mins late – almost there*

Me: *Are you close?*

Me: *I don't see you.*

Me: *Anna?*

Me: *I'm sorry I had to leave. Maybe you're at the wrong location???*

Me: *Text me later when you get back on WiFi and we can find another time to meet.*

I never went to Joan's on Third for lunch, so why bother pretending that I had? Was I afraid that she would discover my involvement in her arrest? Most definitely. But that wasn't the only reason.

As Anna had done with me, I wanted her to believe my lie.

*From [MY FRIEND ANNA: The True Story Of A Fake Heiress](#) by Rachel DeLoache Williams. Copyright c 2019 by Rachel DeLoache Williams. Reprinted by permission of Gallery Books, an Imprint of Simon & Schuster, Inc.*

## Nothing About Interviewing the Fake Heiress Anna Sorokin Was Normal (Published 2019)

In jailhouse interviews before and after her sentencing, the woman who became infamous for bilking banks and friends out of \$200,000 was mischievous — and unrepentant.



Anna Sorokin, who posed as an heiress named Anna Delvey, after being sentenced at New York State Supreme Court this month. Credit... Richard Drew/Associated Press

May 17, 2019

*[Times Insider](#) explains who we are and what we do, and delivers behind-the-scenes insights into how our journalism comes together.*

\*\*\*\*

“I’m not a good person,” Anna Sorokin told me offhand, during one of two [interviews at Rikers](#) earlier this month.

Surely, I’d misheard her, I thought. I’ve interviewed convicted murderers, drug cartel associates, a mother who admitted to killing her own daughter — none of them called themselves bad people.

“You mean you *are* a good person?” I suggested to Ms. Sorokin, a Russian immigrant who had been [convicted of posing as a German](#)



heiress in order to blink banks and hustle friends out of some \$200,000 (with the hope of gaining tens of millions more).

No, she repeated: She was *not* a good person.

I should not have been so surprised by her candor; visits with Ms. Sorokin had been strange even by jailhouse standards. Why would the interview go any differently?

Ask anyone who's taken the Q100 bus all the way to the last stop on Rikers Island: It's hard to get into the jail of your own volition.

- This is your **last free article**.

Reporters who do jailhouse interviews are used to the long process of visiting inmates, but it never gets less exhausting. It takes many hours, several security checks, zero access to your cellphone — and two quarters (used for two separate locker checkpoints to drop off personal contraband, like pens, notepads and electronic devices). Guards fingerprint you and swab your hands, sometimes twice, for traces of ballistics and drugs. Then, hours later and just before you're granted a 60-minute visit, a guard pats you down — almost everywhere. (If you're lucky you can do it yourself, depending on who's in charge.)

After all that, you better hope the inmate wants to see you.

But that's just routine; with Ms. Sorokin, it was different still. For starters, lots of people want to meet the fake heiress. (She rejects reporters every day, she said.) She can have just one visitor or group of visitors on each visitation day. I arrived at 9 a.m. for 1 p.m. visitation. Seated at a double-facing bench, I waited for Ms. Sorokin to arrive, making eye contact so she'd know whom to walk toward. I identified myself; she recognized me from court.

Doors opened at 7 a.m. on my second visit. I arrived promptly for a fact-check and to get her reaction to her sentencing the day before. (She received four to 12 years.) Two other reporters with the same idea were on my bus.

We had two options: go together as a group — The Times, The New York Post and the German tabloid Bild — or race each other to the first locker checkpoint to see who could register first. I wasn't wearing my running shoes.

At this point, you might wonder: Isn't there an easier way? And there is, sort of: Reporters can schedule an inmate interview complete with pad and pen — and maybe even bypass most of security. But in my experience, that kind of interview can take a month to set up. Ms. Sorokin would have been transported to prison by then.

There was also the issue of her defense lawyer: Todd Spodek, who asked to be described as a dashing accomplished attorney, didn't want me (or anyone else) talking to Ms. Sorokin. But Ms. Sorokin doesn't like rules. She doesn't like authority. She doesn't like people telling her what to do. I got the first interview, and then a second — alone.

The second time, Ms. Sorokin smiled as she approached. She laughed about refusing the others: She had not asked for a following and rarely took media requests, she said. She doesn't enjoy the visitation process, she told me, calling it "depressing" and adding that you can't just "have a drink," her hand flashing by the plastic barrier between us.

But an interview like this was different. She had things she wanted to say: She wasn't sorry, she told me. She regretted nothing, except, perhaps how she went about it. She'd do it all again.

The hardest part of a jailhouse interview is staying both present in the moment and memorizing the few quotes you can as more flood in. Ms. Sorokin spoke quickly: an excited passion in her voice as she talked about her time as Anna Delvey, the books she is now writing and her determined assurance that she made the right decision to go to trial — even though she was sentenced to more time than was offered in [her original plea deal](#).

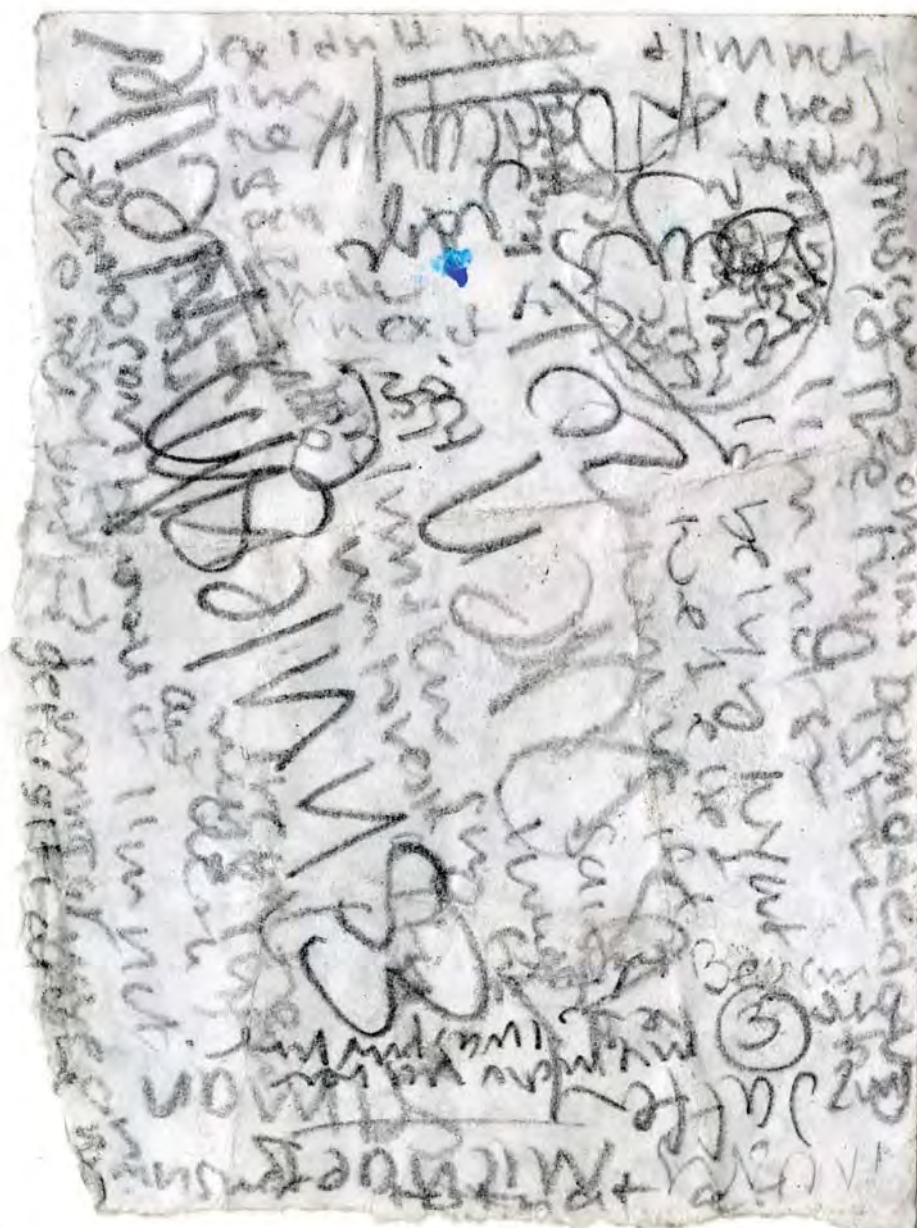
Aside from quotes, there was also the reel of Russian and German towns: Ms. Sorokin was born in Domodedovo, Russia, just outside Moscow, she said. But her family moved to Eschweiler, Germany, and

She suggested I ask for pencil and paper. (Never have I been allowed such a luxury at Rikers.) Just ask, she urged me.

[illegible]



Notes from an interview with Anna Sorokin at Rikers Island. Credit... Emily Palmer



Credit...

I hesitated: I couldn't just pass her the paper, could I? Ms. Sorokin, who boasts she has been written up 30 times since her incarceration in October 2017, eyed the guards. (A city corrections official said she had just 13 infractions.) Pass it quickly, she urged. "I'll memorize the number," she added, and studied the digits.

The interview continued, then a guard came over to signal that visitation was wrapping up. The end of visitation is always a race to the finish: How much more can you say before the inmate's name is called?

Soon after: "Sorokin."

Ms. Sorokin kept talking.

"Sorokin."

I asked another question. She answered.

"SOROKIN!"

We stood to leave.

A few hours later, my phone rang. It was Anna.

Follow the [@ReaderCenter](#) on Twitter for more coverage highlighting your perspectives and experiences and for insight into how we work.

## A Fake Heiress Called Anna Delvey Conned the City's Wealthy. 'I'm Not Sorry,' She Says. (Published 2019)

Anna Sorokin was convicted by a Manhattan jury, but told The New York Times from jail that she did nothing wrong — and would do it all again.



On Thursday, Anna Sorokin was sentenced to four to 12 years in prison. Credit... Pool photo by Steven Hirsch

May 10, 2019

[What you need to know to start the day: [Get New York Today in your inbox.](#)]

Even on her way to prison, even after a jury convicted her of swindling almost everyone she knew and a judge accused her of running “a big scam,” [Anna Sorokin](#) was sticking by her story.

For years, Ms. Sorokin pretended to be Anna Delvey, a German heiress with a trust fund that paid for a life of glamorous ease. She lived in boutique hotels, wore designer clothes and hung out in Manhattan’s moneyed party circles.



In reality, Ms. Sorokin, 28, was a Russian immigrant who walked out on bills, connived her way into luxury, and persuaded a bank employee to give her \$100,000 she never intended to pay back, the jury decided in convicting her last month.

But in two interviews with The New York Times at the Rikers Island jail complex, where she has been held since October 2017, Ms. Sorokin was eager to explain her actions as the naïve missteps of a young woman worried that she would not otherwise be taken seriously.

“The thing is, I’m not sorry,” she said on Friday, a day after she was sentenced to four to 12 years in prison. “I’d be lying to you and to everyone else and to myself if I said I was sorry for anything. I regret the way I went about certain things.”

She said she always intended to pay back her creditors, which included two downtown hotels, a private jet company and banks. In all, the jury found, Ms. Sorokin bilked these places out of more than \$200,000 and tried to dupe a hedge fund into giving her a \$25 million loan.

- Dig deeper into the moment.

In an interview about a week before her sentencing, Ms. Sorokin acknowledged that friends knew her as Anna Delvey. But that was just her mother’s maiden name, she said.

(Her lawyer, Todd Spodek, later told The Times that he did not believe that was the case, and her parents had told [New York magazine](#) they did not recognize the name.)

It was true, she said, that she had falsified some bank records, but only because she had a big dream. She had wanted to start a \$40 million private club, and potential investors pushed her to open it before they would put up their own money.

Ms. Sorokin insisted she was worried that as a young woman, she was vulnerable to men who would “cheer me on” and then seize control of her vision for the club, which she called the Anna Delvey

Foundation. The attention of influential men in finance and real estate validated her, she said.

“My motive was never money,” she said, dressed in a khaki jail jumpsuit and Céline glasses. “I was power hungry.”

Friends may have thought she had millions of dollars at her disposal, she said, but that was a misunderstanding. She said she never told anyone she had that kind of money — they just assumed it.

Still, while Ms. Sorokin made excuses for her actions, she did not apologize for her character: “I’m not a good person.”

## **From striver to grifter**

Ms. Sorokin said she was born in Russia and grew up in Eschweiler, Germany, where her father worked as an executive at a transport company, which eventually became insolvent. At 19, she left her parents and brother for Paris in pursuit of a fashion degree.

Ms. Sorokin, who spoke only vaguely of her childhood, said she was not close to her “conservative” parents; she noted that they did not attend her trial.

In Paris, she said she took on the name Anna Delvey when shooting photographs for Purple, a fashion, art and culture magazine. There, her attention turned to art.

Earning just 400 euros a month, she remained financially dependent on her parents, who paid for her apartment, she said.

But after experiencing a breakup, she headed to New York in the late summer of 2013 for a trip to Montauk and then Fashion Week.



From left, Guido Cacciatori, Gro Curtis, Giorgia Tordini and Anna Sorokin at a fashion industry party in 2014. Credit... Dave Kotinsky/Getty Images

New York was not supposed to be a permanent move, but she found more friends than in Paris and decided to stay. For a while, she worked at Purple's New York office, she said. But eventually, she quit that, too.

This, prosecutors said, is when the striver Anna Delvey became the grifter Anna Delvey.

She moved from boutique hotel to boutique hotel, handing out \$100 tips and putting off bills with promises of wire transfers that never materialized. She organized dinners at expensive restaurants, hired a private personal trainer and wore Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent.

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She also began pitching her idea for her private club, which she called A.D.F., with exclusive memberships and rotating arts exhibits. She gained access to André Balazs, the hotelier; Roo Rogers, the British-American entrepreneur; and Aby Rosen, the real estate developer.

In 2015, she befriended Gabriel Andres Calatrava, an architect and the son of [Santiago Calatrava, the architect](#) who designed the Oculus, the birdlike centerpiece of the World Trade Center transit hub.

But time was running out. She said she felt pressured to open the club in order to attract more investors. Prosecutors said her ruse was collapsing.

In late 2016, she said, she returned to Germany for a few months where she worked out the details of A.D.F. and created four fake bank statements in Photoshop, which she said took surprisingly little time.

She returned to New York in early 2017. She would use those same documents again and again in pursuit of different loans, she said.

## Life behind bars

Ms. Sorokin was first arrested in July 2017 for skipping out on thousands of dollars of bills at the Beekman and W New York hotels and a lunch bill of less than \$200 at a restaurant at the Le Parker Meridien hotel.

After being released, Ms. Sorokin was again arrested in October 2017 and held at Rikers.

Ahead of trial, she said, she was offered a plea deal with a sentence of three to nine years in prison, but she considered that too long and took her chances on a trial. Although she was sentenced to a longer term than she had been offered in a plea deal, she said she did not regret going to trial.

She said she has balked against authority in Rikers and has been disciplined 30 times, including a few weeks in solitary over Christmas. Because of her behavior, Ms. Sorokin said, she has been held in a maximum security section.

A city corrections official confirmed the stint in solitary and said Ms. Sorokin had 13 infractions for things like fighting and disobeying orders.





A sketch Anna Sorokin made of the lead prosecutor in her case during closing statements in April. Credit... Anna Sorokin

She said she had achieved a measure of fame among other inmates for cheating the rich but said she did not support that characterization of herself.

Ms. Sorokin said she still has some infrequent visits from friends. But she has not seen Rachel Williams, a former Vanity Fair photo editor who testified against Ms. Sorokin at the trial.

Ms. Williams accused her of stealing more than \$60,000 for an opulent trip they took together to Marrakesh in 2017. A jury found Ms. Sorokin not guilty of the charge.

On the stand, Ms. Williams had burst into tears, calling the theft the worst experience of her life. “She should try a week here,” Ms. Sorokin said dryly, of Rikers.

Ms. Sorokin has started writing a memoir about her exploits in New York. She plans to write a second book about her experience at Rikers.

In a subsequent phone interview, Ms. Sorokin said she was looking forward to finishing both books while in prison.

“I guess I’m fortunate enough to go to real prison, so I’ll have more material,” she said.

After her release, she is likely to be deported to Germany, but she said she then hoped to move to London.

She said she had already made some “smaller investments” in technology and cryptocurrency with personal money routed through an L.L.C.

Ms. Sorokin said she was also interested in criminal justice reform, artificial intelligence and the banking industry, adding: “Ideally, if all goes well, I’ll have my own investment fund.”

Mr. Spodek, her lawyer, said: “I don’t know how realistic some of these business endeavors are. But I’m confident that this won’t be the last time we hear from Anna, and I know that she will go on to great things.”

Others are also writing Ms. Sorokin’s story: Ms. Williams has deals with HBO and Simon & Schuster. And Netflix purchased the rights to



the New York magazine story for an undisclosed amount. [Shonda Rhimes](#), the creator of “Grey’s Anatomy” and “Scandal,” has been [tapped to dramatize it](#).

As guards signaled the end of the visit before her sentencing, Ms. Sorokin was asked if, given the chance, she would do the same things again.

Ms. Sorokin shrugged. “Yes, probably so,” she said, laughing.